

[Note: I think the year is actually 1863, based on the other letters]

Convalesent Camp

U.S. Barracks, New Orleans, Sept 16, 1864

Dear Mother,

I *recieved* your very kind letter of Aug 23rd and was very glad to hear from you. You sent me some *diareah*. I am very happy to say that I have no use for it at present but will keep it ~~in case~~ for I may have use for it.

I have been unwell for about a week. I was taken with a severe headache which lasted for about four days and nights. I would have a very high fever I supposed that I was agoing to have the typhoid fever but it has turned out be the Fever & Ague. I have had three shakes they come on about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and last till about 9.

The Regt. has got back again, they went Sabine pass Texas with to take a fort that the Rebs have there, but was very [CO] *unsuccesful* for they two gun boats & lost them both. One of them was the Clifton was a very good boat, the other was the Sachem was rest of much account.

They come back and camped in [CO] Algiers but have gone again to Brashear and I hear they have crossed the bay and going up the Teche.

There has a large army up there this time, they say there is 55000 a good many of them are from [CO] Grant's army. Our brigade is the reserve brigade of Weitzel's division.

Harrison sent over to me yours & Father's photographs day before yesterday before he left Algiers I think father grows old very fast. Seems to me that he looks 10 years older than he did a year ago.

I can't see as you have altered much only I think you look a little fleshier than you used to. All those that were drafted will pay their 300 I *supose*. Orville Robinson will of course I wish he was oblige to come.

When I wrote you before I told you that *that* my boots were *to* small but since my feet have got well I think I can wear them. I did not think my feet were swelled. You speak of sending some more things by Homer when he comes if he has not started when you *you* get this you need not send any more for we have got every thing we need at present.

Well I don't feel as if I could write any more, you must excuse this miserable writing for my hand is very unsteady.

Give my love to all.

From Affect. Son,

J. F. Brand